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LENORE,

A

TALE:

FROM THE GERMAN OF

GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BÜRGER.

BY

HENRY JAMES PYE.

ΟΙ ΔΕ, ΜΗ ΤΟ ΦΟΒΕΡΟΝ, ΑΛΛΑ ΤΟ ΤΕΡΑΤΩΔΕΣ ΜΟΝΟΝ  
ΠΑΡΑΣΚΕΥΑΖΟΝΤΕΣ, ΟΥΔΕΝ ΤΡΑΓΩΔΙΑΙ ΚΟΙΝΩΝΟΥΣΙ.

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LENORE

TALE



HENRY JAMES PVE

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1700.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*THIS attempt would not have appeared, to anticipate a promised translation of the same Tale, by the pen of a young poet of illustrious birth, with ornaments by the pencil of elegance and beauty, had there not been one already published. Between that publication, and this, there can be no competition, as that is a free paraphrase, this a translation line by line, and as near the original, as the restraint of versification, and the idiom, and genius, of the different languages would admit. A closer version, would, in some places, have been ridiculous, and in others, profane.*

*The motto prefixed, deviates from the usual partiality of translators. This little poem, from the singularity of the incidents, and the wild horror of the images, is certainly an object of curiosity, but is by no means held up as a pattern for imitation.*

*To avoid confusion, the words of Lenóre are distinguished by one inverted comma, those of her mother, and the spectre, by two. The English reader must be told that the final e is pronounced in Lenóre.*







# LENORE,

A

## TALE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

---

LENORE wakes from dreams of dread

At the rosy dawn of day,

‘Art thou false, or art thou dead?’

‘WILLIAM wherefore this delay?’

Join’d with FREDERICK’S host he fought

On PRAGA’S bloody field, the foe,

Since no tidings had been brought

Of his weal, or of his woe.

B



Tir'd of war, the royal foes  
 Bid the storm of battle cease,  
 And in mutual compact close  
 Terms of amity, and peace;  
 Either host with jocund strain,  
 Drum, and cymbals chearing found,  
 Seek their peaceful homes again,  
 All with verdant garlands crown'd.

Young and old, on every side  
 Crowd the way, their friends to meet,  
 Many a mother, many a bride,  
 Sons, and husbands, fondly greet.  
 Pale and cheerless mid the rest  
 Ah! the sad LENORE see!  
 None to clasp thee to his breast,  
 Not a glowing kiss for thee.



Now amid the warlike train

Running swift, with tearful eye,

All she asks, but all in vain.—

See the lingering rear pass by!—

Now she rends with frantic hand

Tresses of her raven hair,

Falling breathless on the sand,

Agonizing in despair.

Lo! with grief her mother wild.—

“Pitying heaven! look down with grace.—

“O my child! my dearest child!”

And clasps her in a fond embrace.

‘Ah my mother all is o’er;

‘Depart now the world will prove.—

‘Heaven no mercy has in store.

‘Ah my lost, my slaughter’d love!’



“ Aid her Heaven! her grief appease.—

“ Breathe my child a fervent prayer.

“ Ever just are Heaven’s decrees,

“ Heaven is ever prompt to spare.”

‘ Prayers alas! are usefefs all,

‘ Heaven to me no mercy fhews,

‘ Vainly I for aid fhould call,

‘ Unregarded are my woes.’

“ Aid LORD! O aid! His parent fight

“ Watchful guards each duteous child;

“ Soon fhall his high-honor’d rite

“ Soothe to peace thy forrows wild.”—

‘ Ah! the pangs my heart that rive

‘ Holy rites would soothe in vain;

“ Can they bid the dead revive?—

‘ Bid my WILLIAM breathe again?’



" Hear my child ! in foreign lands  
 " Far away his troth he plights,  
 " Binds his faith by newer bands,  
 " Thee for newer loves he flights.—  
 " Unregarded let him rove,  
 " Short his visions of delight,  
 " Perjuries of treacherous love  
 " Heaven with vengeance will requite."

' Mother, time returns no more ;  
 ' I am wretched, lost, forlorn ;  
 ' Every hope but death is o'er,  
 ' Woe the hour that I was born !  
 ' Wrap me deep in night, and shade,  
 ' Far the light of life remove,  
 ' Heaven's mercy is no more display'd,  
 ' O my Love, my murder'd love !'



" GOD of Mercy ! Hear ! O hear !

" Frantic sorrow makes her wild ;

" Judge not in thy wrath severe,

" Spare, O spare thy tortur'd child.

" O my child, forget thy woe,

" Lift to heaven thy sorrowing eye

" Endless blessings there to know,

" Bridal joys that never die."

' Mother, what is endless bliss ?

' Endless pain, what, Mother ?—Tell

' All my Heaven was WILLIAM's kiss,

' WILLIAM's loss is all my hell.

' Far the light of life remove,

' Night and horror shroud my head.

' Can I live to mourn my love ?

' Can I joy when WILLIAM's dead ?



Thus the frenzy of despair  
 Thro' her swelling veins was driven,  
 Thus her madd'ning accents dare  
 War against the will of heaven ;  
 Frantic thro' the live-long day  
 Her breast she beat, her hands she wrung,  
 Till SOL withdrew his golden ray,  
 And heaven's high arch with stars was hung.

Thro' the stillness of the night  
 Hark !—a horse—he this way bends.—  
 Now she hears the rider 'light,  
 Now his foot the step ascends.  
 Hark!—the tinkling gate bell rung  
 Now her listening senses hear.—  
 Accents from a well-known tongue  
 Thro' the portal reach her ear.



“ Rife my love—the bar remove—

“ Dost thou wake or dost thou sleep?

“ Think’st thou of thy absent love?--

“ Dost thou laugh or dost thou weep?”---

‘ WILLIAM ! Thou?---From sorrow’s power

‘ I have learn’d to weep, and wake.

‘ Whence in midnight’s gloomy hour,

‘ Whence his course does WILLIAM take?’

“ We can only ride by night.---

“ From Bohemia’s plains I come,

“ Late, ah late I come, but dight

“ To bear thee to my distant home.”---

‘ WILLIAM ! WILLIAM ! hither haste.---

‘ Thro’ the hawthorn blows the wind,

‘ In my glowing arms embraced

‘ Rest, and warmth, my love shall find.’



“ Thro’ the hawthorn let the winds

“ Keenly blow with breath severe,

“ The Courser paws, the spur he finds,

“ Ah! I must not linger here.

“ Lightly on the fable steed

“ Come, my love,---behind me spring.

“ Many a mile o’erpass with speed,

“ To our bride-bed shall thee bring.”

‘ Many a mile o’er distant ground

‘ Ere our nuptial couch we reach?---

‘ The iron bells of midnight sound,

‘ Soon the midnight fiends will screech.’---

“ See how clear the moon’s full ray,

“ Soon the dead’s swift course is sped,

“ Long, O long ere dawn of day

“ We shall reach the bridal bed.”



' Who shall tend thy nuptial bower  
 ' Who thy nuptial couch shall spread ?'  
 " Silent, cold, and small, our bower,  
 " Form'd of planks our nuptial bed.  
 " Yet for me, for thee there's space—  
 " Lightly on the courser bound,  
 " Deck'd is now our bridal place,  
 " Guests expecting wait around."

Won by fond affection's charm  
 On the horse she lightly sprung,  
 Round her love, her lilly arm  
 Close the love-sick virgin flung.  
 On they prefs their rapid flight  
 Swifter than the whirlwind's force,  
 Struck from flints a sparkling light  
 Marks the steed's unceasing course.



On the left, and on the right,  
 Heaths, and meads, and fallow'd grounds,  
 Seem receding from their fight ;  
 How each bridge they pass resounds.  
 " Fears my Love ?—The moon shines clear,  
 " Swift the course of death is sped.  
 " Does my Love the dead now fear ?"—  
 ' No, ah ! no !—Why name the dead ?'

Hark ! The solemn dirge, and knell !  
 Croaking round the raven flies,—  
 Hear the death song !—hear the bell—  
 See a grave fresh opened lies.  
 See the sad funereal rite,  
 See the coffin and the bier,  
 Hear the shriek of wild affright,  
 Groans of lamentation hear !



“ While founds the dirge, while death-bells ring,

“ The corpse interr’d at midnight fee.—

“ Home my blooming bride I bring,

“ You our bridal guests must be.---

“ Sexton come, come with thy choir,

“ Songs of love before us sing ;

“ O’er the couch of fond desire

“ Priest thy nuptial blessings fling.”

Down the fable bier was laid,

Hush’d the knell, and hush’d the dirge.

All his voice at once obey’d.

All their flight behind him urge.

On the steed still speeds his flight,

Swifter than the whirlwind’s force ;

Struck from flints the flashing light

Distant marks his rapid course.



To the left, and to the right,

As they pass with lightning speed,

Mountains vanish from their sight,

Streams, and woods, and towns recede.

“ Fears my love?—The moon shines clear.---

“ Swift the course of death is sped,---

“ Does my Love the dead now fear? ”---

‘ Leave, ah leave at peace the dead.’

Wheels, and racks, and gibbets, see

By the pale moon’s trembling glance;

Crowding sprites, with horrid glee,

Round the seats of terror dance :

“ Come, ye goblins ! hither come,

“ Hither let your footsteps tread,

“ Follow to our distant home,

“ Dance around our bridal bed.”



Soon they hear, and follow fast,  
 Loudly murmuring as they move,  
 Like the shrill autumnal blast  
 Whistling thro' the wither'd grove.  
 Far the steed now speeds his flight,  
 Swifter than the whirlwind's force,  
 Struck from flints the flashing light  
 Distant marks his rapid course.

Far, shewn by the moon's pale light,  
 Far the distant landscape flies.  
 Far, receding from their fight,  
 Fly the clouds, the stars, the skies.  
 "Fears my Love?—The moon shines clear.—  
 "Swift the course of death is sped.  
 "Does my Love the dead now fear?"—  
 "Leave! O leave at rest, the dead."



“ Crows the cock—dark courser hear—

“ Soon the fand will now be run.

“ Now I scent the morning air \*,

“ Sable steed thy toil is done ;—

“ Now our labour is compleat ;

“ Swift’s the passage of the dead ;

“ We have reach’d our destin’d feat,

“ Open now the nuptial bed.”

’Gainst an iron-grated door

Fierce with loosen’d rein he drives ;

The ponderous bars resist no more,

Even a touch their hinges rives.

Over tombs with clattering sound

Now they urge their destin’d way ;

Scatter’d grave-stones gleam around

In the wan moon’s glimmering ray.

\* This, and the other imitation of Shakespear in stanza the fifteenth, are literally translated from the original.



Turn, O instant turn, the eye,  
 See a ghastly wonder shewn!—  
 The horseman's flesh, like tinder dry,  
 Drops piecemeal from each naked bone.  
 From the skull now falls the hair,  
 Drear the death-like Phantom stands,  
 A skeleton expos'd and bare,  
 Scythe and hour-glass in his hands.

See the black steed wildly rear—  
 Sparkling streams of horrid light  
 From his snorting nostrils glare,  
 Down he sinks to endless night.---  
 On the breeze loud shrieks are borne,  
 Groan the graves with boding breath;  
 LENORE's heart by tortures torn,  
 Vibrates now 'tween life and death.



Hand and hand in fatal ring

By the pale moon's fading ray,  
Demons round them dance, and sing,  
Howling forth this dreadful lay.---

" Patient bear th' heart-rending blast,

" Wage not impious war with Heaven,

" Here on earth thy days are past.

" Mercy to thy soul be given !"





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Hand and hand in fatal ring

By the pale moon's fading ray,

Demons round them dance and sing,

Howling forth this dreadful lay---

"Patient bear th' heart-rending bliss,

"Nay not implore the Heaven,

"Here on earth thy bliss shall pass."

"Mercy to thy soul be given!"





